

AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PUT NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 6, NO. 43

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1859.

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The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

OFFICE—Martin's Row, one Door South
of the Post-Office

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Pathetic Elegy.
I sent the following pathetic elegy from a newspaper
37 years ago. It has been published since, but will
be reprinted, and be found especially edifying to
the rising generation, in these days of fast living
and extravagant fashions. It is sometimes given in
full at the agricultural meetings of the Farmers'
Club, of Clinton.

I do not know that the author's birth-day was ever
celebrated, but the name of "Ezekiel Smith" will go
down to latest posterity, as one of the great poets
of New England.

JOHN QUILT,
February 1, 1859.

OLD GRIMES.

True—John Grimes was a citizen.
Old Grimes is dead—That good old man
We never shall see more.
He used to wear a blue coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day;
His feelings all were true;
His hair was white and long;
He wore like a queen.

When ever he heard the voice of pain
His breast with pity burned;
He would not wear a blue coat
All buttoned down before.

Thus, ever prompt at pity's call,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small;
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind;
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind;
His pants were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But poor Old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He had a double-breasted vest—
The stripes run up and down.

He modest virtue sought to find,
He had no malice in his mind—
No riles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
He wore large buckles in his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring in view;
Nor was a noise in his house,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chance;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And every body saw he was
A good old gentleman.

Good people all give cheerful thought
To Grimes' memory;
As doth his cousin, Ezekiel Smith,
Who made this poetry.

(From Gleason's Weekly.)

MARK EASTON'S VALENTINE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

It was the thirteenth day of February.

To one who took a leisurely walk down
Washington street, a glance at the placards
on the shop windows would be sufficient
evidence that in Boston, at least, there is
no more popular saint in the calendar than
good St. Valentine. Nor is his popularity
confined to any one class. No one so poor
that he may not find spread on the shop
counters valentines within his means.

From one cent up to ten dollars, from the
coarsest duds to the most fanciful devices,
there they lie. He must indeed be fastidious
who cannot be suited.

On the evening of this thirteenth of February
two young men wandered down
Washington street, glancing at the win-
dows as they passed. They were prepos-
sessing in appearance, and looked about the
same age—twenty five.

Let me introduce them as Frank Andrews and Mark Easton,
intimate friends and in a flourishing busi-
ness. If they required any other tie to
bind them together, it was found in the
circumstance that they were betrothed to
two sisters, Ellen and Kate Vancouver.

"Mark," said Frank Andrews, as they
passed a shop brilliantly lighted, and
as they could see through with customers,
"Ellen and Kate will be expecting valen-
tines. Let us go in and select some."

"I will accompany you in," replied
Mark, "but I am not sure whether I shall
purchase."

"Not purchase!" exclaimed Frank, sur-
prised.

Without explanation Mark followed his
companion in the store.

"Let us look at some of your high-priced
valentines," said Frank to the shopman.

The latter brought out with alacrity some
of his choicest varieties.

"That," said Mark, indicating a particular
one, "is five dollars. It is a pretty affair."

"Have you none better?" interrupted
Frank.

"Certainly. Our stock of choice valen-
tines is unsurpassed in the city. Here for
example, is a box of our best."

"They are indeed handsome. I think I
must have one. What is the price?"

"Ten dollars. However, if the other
gentleman will take one also, you shall
have them for nine each."

"Come, Mark," said Frank, "there's a
good offer. You will need one as well as
myself. Suppose we each select one."

"I don't think I shall purchase," said
Mark in a low voice.

"Why not?" exclaimed Frank, opening
his eyes with astonishment.

"I can spend the money more satisfactorily
in another way."

"Come, you are getting parsimonious,
Mark. I didn't suspect that of you."

Kate will be disappointed. Didn't you
say for any?"

"Perhaps so, but if I do, it will be a writ-
ten one, and not selected from any store."

"Well, I suppose you know your own
business best—but you're the last person,
Mark, that I should have suspected of nig-
gardness in such a matter."

"Perhaps," said Mark, smiling, "I shall
spend quite as much as you in honor of
St. Valentine, though in a different way."

"You had better take the two," said the

clerk, looking at Frank. "That will be
giving you the second for eight dollars."

"I believe I will," said Frank. "You
may put them up. By the way, I came
near forgetting the envelopes. Have you
any handsome ones?"

"We have some that come expressly for
them."

"What is the price?"

"A doll's piece."

"That will make two dollars. Two and
eighteen are twenty. Here is a bill to
that amount."

"Thank you, sir," said the clerk, con-
gratulating himself on the large purchase.
"I hope you will favor our store with your
patrons another year."

"I dare say I shall," said Frank, care-
lessly, "that is, if the ladies like my pur-
chase of to-night."

"Then we are sure of your custom," was
the reply. "They can't help liking it."

The two young men left the store, and
soon parted company. Frank went to his
room, and directing the valentines to the
proper address next morning, they were on
their way to their destination. We will
take the liberty to precede them, and ac-
quaint them with the manner of their re-
ception—premising that Frank concluded to
send one to each of the sisters, with a
line indicating from what quarter they
came. Mark, on his return home, wrote a
few lines, and transcribing them on
handsome note paper directed to Miss
Kate Vancouver.

The Vancouver family were moderately rich.
Though their mode of living was not
ostentatious, it was marked by an air of
elegance and comfort, and the young ladies
had enjoyed the advantages of the best
schools, and were accomplished, not ac-
cording to the superficial standard so com-
mon in society, but whatever they had
learned they had mastered it.

The morning of the fourteenth of Febru-
ary arrived.

"St. Valentine's day!" said Ellen. I do
wonder if the good saint will remember us."

"Perhaps some of his followers will," re-
turned Kate, with an arch smile.

"I hope so," said Ellen. "I should set
myself down as an old maid at once, if I
were entirely forgotten in his distribution
of favors."

By way of answer to the inquiry just
started, the postman's knock was heard,
and a moment afterwards the servant en-
tered bearing three valentines, one for Ellen
and two for Kate.

Those of most imposing appearance were
first opened.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Ellen.

"And mine, though not the same is equally
handsome," returned Kate. "Why, it is
from Frank," she exclaimed, after a mo-
ment's examination.

"Your valentine from Frank," enquired
Ellen, with a tongue of jealousy. "I sup-
pose as a matter of course Mark sent it.
Has he wholly neglected you?"

"Stay, here is another, in the form of a
note," said Kate, who had hastily opened
the unostentatious billet that accompanied
these two valentines.

It proved to be a copy of verses—simple
and unaffected, just such as a sensible girl
ought to value most from her lover. Kate
was a sensible girl, but it must be confessed
that she was not a little disappointed at
Mark's apparent meanness, and though not
in words, assented in heart to Ellen's in-
dignant remark: "Well, I did think Mark
Easton was decently liberal before, but
certainly this looks mean enough."

"Perhaps he has a good reason for it,"
suggested Kate faintly.

"A good reason," repeated Ellen. "I dare
say he has. He was too stingy to go to
any expense."

"Nay, Ellen, you must not speak so of
Mark."

"Compare his paltry valentine with
Frank's. He must have paid a handsome
price for these two."

"And yet," said Kate, perplexed, "Mark
has never shown any lack of generosity be-
fore. You know he has carried us to con-
certs and operas, and you recollect the
handsome gold chain he presented me."

"Then," said Ellen, unable to grudge all
this, "the must have been seized with a
sudden fit of prudence. It would look a
little better if he would retrench in some
other way."

So Kate thought in her secret heart, but
the affection which she entertained for her
lover would not permit her to say so.

It is still the morning of St. Valentine's
day. Will the reader ascend with us the
rickety stairs of a tenement house in a
poor street little known to fashion.

Higher yet, so we have gained the
fourth story. Now turn to the right if you
please. Open the door. No ceremony.
We are clad in the invisible garments, and
the occupants will not observe our en-
trance.

These occupants are two in number, a
woman, middle aged, pale from recent
sickness, and reclining on the bed propped
up with pillows. The other is a young
girl of perhaps nineteen, who, it is easy to
see, needs only air and exercise, and free-
dom from anxiety to develop her into a
beauty. But alas she is thin and pale, and
her face wears a look of weary care, the
cause of which is evident enough to one
who will take the trouble to look at her
scanty and faded attire, and the general
appearance of penury which the room pre-
sents.

"Louise," said Mrs. May, feebly, "I am
afraid you are working too hard, my child."

The latter was working rapid upon a
shirt, while several others unmade were
piled up in the chair beside her.

"I would not complain of that mother,"
was the reply, "if I was only a little better
paid."

"Such miserably low prices," said the
mother, sighing.

"Miserable indeed, but they told me last
time that they might pay still less, as they
could get their work done quite as well
and more rapidly by a machine."

"If we only had one!"

"Yes, but I am afraid it is as if that will
never be realized."

"Give me one of the shirts, Louise, I
think I can work a little."

The young girl shook her head, and an-
swered in a decided manner: "No, mother,
you mustn't think of it. Indeed you are
not able. Just get well as soon as you can
and then I will not object."

The mother sighed.

"It troubles me, Louise, to think sick-
ness makes me such a burden upon you."

"A burden, mother, don't think of it,"
if you were alone now, you might get
a long more easily."

"If I were alone," said Louise, shudder-
ing, "I shouldn't have any spirit or ener-
gy to work at all. Why, mother, it's the
thought of you that keeps me up. It's
such a relief to have somebody to talk to.
I often think how much better I am off
than Nancy Reed in the next room. She
is all alone, has not a relation in the world,
or none that she ever sees, and there she
sits in her room from morning till night,
sewing alone. It must be terrible."

"Both are bad enough," sighed Mrs.
May.

Finding her mother still despondent,
Louise thought she must do something to
cheer her up.

"Do you know," said she, in a cheerful
tone, "what made me speak of the sewing-
machine, mother?"

"Because your employers spoke of them."

"Not entirely. You must know I had
a dream last night, mother, a bright,
pleasant dream such as I do not often
have."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. May with some
little curiosity.

"I dare say you will think it fanciful—
You know I sat up late working, and my
last thought as I went to bed, was, what
a beautiful present a sewing machine
would be, and how much it would help us
along. Soon after going to sleep it seemed
to me as if while I sat working as I am
now, I heard a knock at the door, and
some one entered bringing what I had so
much desired. He set it down without a
word and left me overjoyed with my good
luck."

"It was indeed a pleasant dream," said
Mrs. May, faintly smiling, but such dreams
are very slow in coming true. You know
dreams are said to go by contraries."

Before Louise had an opportunity to an-
swer, a noise was heard in the entry and
along the stairs as if some one was com-
ing up with a burden.

A moment afterwards a knock was heard
at the door of the chamber.

"Who can it be?" thought mother and
daughter both, for their visits from the
world outside were few and far between.

"Lie down, mother, so that the draught
from the door may not reach you," said
Louise, rising to answer the summons.

She opened the door. A porter stood
before her—a stout man with something
wrapped up carefully—apparently a small
table.

"Here is something I was to leave here,"
said he, "that is, if Mrs. May lives here."

"Mrs. May does live here," said Louise,
surprised, "but we have not ordered any-
thing. May I ask what it is that you
bring?"

"A sewing machine," said the porter.

A sewing machine! Louise started in
uncontrollable astonishment, and leaned a-
gainst the door for support. Her mother
who had caught the sound of the word,
rose up in bed in her excitement.

"Are you sure it is for us?" asked Louise
bewildered.

"Yes, if your name's May. Maybe it is
a present. You'd better look."

Adopting the suggestion, the wrappings
were taken off, and a neat though not ex-
pensive sewing machine was displayed.

"There's a card," said the porter, point-
ing to one which was attached by a string.

Louise eagerly examined it. It con-
tained these words: "Miss Louise May,
from St. Valentine."

"It is for me," said Louise, "though I
cannot conceive who it is from. How much
shall I pay for your trouble?"

"I was paid in advance at the ware-
house," answered the porter, and having
accomplished his task, he left the apart-
ment.

"How wonderful!" murmured Louise.

"It makes me think of the Arabian Nights,
and fairy gifts."

"How wonderful!" said Mrs. May, sol-
emnly. "It reminds me of Elijah and the
ravens. Whoever may have been the gen-
erous giver, it was God that put the thought
into his heart. Let us thank him."

The two knelt down and thanked God
for his abundant mercy in supplying what
they most needed, and what they felt
would relieve them of much of the drudge-
ry to which they had hitherto been com-
pelled.

On the afternoon of St. Valentine's day,
Frank Andrews and Mark Easton, taking
a half-holiday, called in company upon the
Vancouver family.

Ellen and Kate descended to receive

them, but there was a noticeable difference
in the warmth of the welcomes which they
respectively received. Frank was wel-
comed with the customary cordiality by
both, but there was a very decided cold-
ness on the part of Ellen as she returned
the salutation of Mark, and even Kate ap-
peared more than usually grave.

"I believe," said Ellen, addressing her-
self to Frank, "my sister and myself are
indebted to you for two very elegant valen-
tines, received this morning."

"I am glad they came safely," said Frank,
feeling a little awkwardly.

"My sister also received one from you,
Mr. Easton," said Ellen, stiffly.

"Which could scarcely be called very
elegant," said the latter, composedly.

"That depends upon one's taste," return-
ed Ellen, piqued at his coolness.

The young man smiled.

"Confess now," said he, in a frank,
straight-forward way, "you think me a lit-
tle mean in not having purchased as costly
offerings as my friend Frank."

"We supposed you had some good rea-
son," said Kate, brightening up with all
her former confidence in her lover.

"You only did me justice," he said a
little more gravely, "and as I would not
willingly rest under the imputation of
meanness, I will make full explanation of
my reasons. A day or two since it came
to my knowledge accidentally that a poor
girl was toiling wearily sixteen hours a day
to support herself and her mother by the
work of her needle. You know how poorly
that is paid, and I am afraid that even
with such incessant exertion they must
have fared very poorly. It struck me
how much the possession of a sewing ma-
chine would lighten their labors. I accord-
ingly resolved to appropriate what I was
accustomed to spend on valentines, and as
much more as was useful to buy a plain
article for them. I did as I purposed—
Am I forgiven?"

"You have done nobly," said Ellen, while
Kate silently extended her hand.

"And I thinking you mean all the time!"
exclaimed Frank, indignant at himself.

"You must let me go with you to see the
poor girl," said Kate. "I may be able to
supply